

Orange and Blue.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

VOL. X.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1904.

NO. 9.

SENIOR CLASS EXERCISES.

As is customary every year the Senior Class held exercises on Feb. 22—commemorating the birth of Washington. After music by the band and the opening prayer by Rev. Mr. Napier, the exercises began with an introduction by George Dunglinson, Jr., President of the Senior Class. With a brief mention of the purpose of the exercises—the tenderest tribute that could be paid to the dead Washington—he passed to the congenial atmosphere which surrounds the students of Auburn. His introduction was apt and to the point, a characteristic of the quiet force of the speaker; his manner was deliberate, free from affectation, and spoke well for the choice of his class.

The next speaker was Louis Warren Duffee, the historian of the class. He pointed out the most noticeable land-marks in the progress of the present Senior Class along the broad highway of college life—from that impressive tree by the side of the road from which so many nice peddles are cut to the present position of the class in the middle of the road, tremulous with expectancy of the turning and the hard field beyond. His voice was rather low, and perhaps did not do justice to certain parts of his piece; but altogether he told well what his class had done, and showed that he was a credit to his class in the making as well as the writing of her history. The next man up was Fulton Pace. To preclude any mistaken idea on the part of the audience as to whether his piece was prose or poetry he began his poem with a reference to most of the bards in the calendar. He need not have been troubled on this score—for his piece rhymed quite frequently; and his delivery was chiefly distinguished by the resonance with which he clearly showed that those rhyming words were there, and had been there for quite a while. He proved himself a genuine successor to the firm of Shakespeare, Byron, And A Few Others, and ready to conduct the poetry business at the same old stand.

Perhaps one of the best speakers on the program was Prof. Fullan's Band. With a flourish this young gentleman stepped out, and with his silver tongue caught the attention of the audience. He seemed to be com-

posite in make-up; and yet his voice was that of one being whose words were so melodious in their construction as to produce the effect of one continuous note of harmony. His voice was so very musical in its rise and fall—now bass, now baritone—that his audience thought it heard the gentle whisper of the sea-waves as they lapped the sea-sands, and wished for a sea-bath—thought it heard the music of the spheres, and sighed for the Moon.

The orator of the occasion was John McDuffie, Jr. His subject was, "Alabama, Her Past and Her Future." It is hard to criticise, either favorably or otherwise, the composition, style or diction, of an oration—for that is largely a matter of selection; but we have only words of commendation for John McDuffie's delivery. He is an orator, born with the art of speaking in him or at least in his immediate proximity: he is self-possessed, and throws his whole soul and energy into his attitude on the stage. It speaks well for an orator when he is able to smile in the rapture of his intensity in such a trying position as a stand before an Auburn audience: it speaks well for his forgetfulness of all else but the work of an orator and the joy of its accomplishment.

The last speaker was James Henderson Childs, the second Daniel, the Prophet of the class. If his prophesy is a true one there will be some pretty tough articles projected on the innocent world by the exit of the class of 1904. Though he hit hard in spots, his humorous predictions were enjoyed by his audience and appreciated by his class-mates who easily understood the connection between their past personalities and their future avocations. The last address was made by that tuneful speaker to which we have referred—who nearly always closes an exercise with his happy remarks.

OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND.

Under the active direction of Prof. Fullan the Band has assumed an important position in the affairs of the college. The members take an interest in their respective parts, and thus give to their productions a unity and swing-together which they would not otherwise have—however well each man might execute his piece alone.

There has been a movement on foot, with its step set to the music of many instruments, to send the Band to the St. Louis Fair. This movement should meet with hearty support: it would be a big advertisement for our college to have the legs of St. Louis sight-seers itch to keep step with the Band of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. "Where is that Band from?" they would ask. "From Auburn, Ala." some walking statistics would answer. "And what is there at Auburn?" "A college." "How big?" "Pretty big; but, sir, it is going to be the biggest college in the South." Send the band along to start the ball rolling.

Prof. Fullan has instituted a series of informal concerts, which began Feb. 23. These concerts are held every Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 in Langdon Hall; and everyone is invited out to hear the Band spread itself in a few choice renditions.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE WIRT AND WEBSTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

On Monday evening, Feb. 22, the annual oratorical contest took place between the Wirt and Websterian Literary Societies.

After the introductory address by J. L. Murphy, President of the Wirt Literary Society, Charles Claud Rigney, of the Websterians, took the floor with "Uncrowned Heroes." He at once proceeded to do justice to those unfortunate members of the heroic stock company who were not there when the crowns were passed around on a gemmed platter and the thrones knocked down to the lowest bidder. If one might be so rash as to make such a statement without being rushed to the guard-house, Mr. Rigney crowned everything in reach, heroic and unheroic, with his pearly strings of words, calling them coronets—with golden thoughts, calling them crowns—but after all, with honest hesitation for the right word, which does not need to be called a cap of the A. P. I. brand.

The next man at the bat was from the Wirt team. With "The Rise of Diplomacy" as his subject Walter Robert Samford spoke logically on a theme that is international in its breadth, and with the depth of humanity itself. Mr. Samford treated his subject in a masterly way; and if he did not have a diplomat's policy he certainly had the cause

of diplomacy well under control, and with timely references to Russia and Japan brought his subject to the present situation in the Far East. Next to John McDuffie perhaps Walter Samford is most at ease before an Auburn audience, and is not disturbed by the fluctuation of his heart between his mouth and its normal position.

The Websterians next took the field with K. Lawson Forrester as their representative—with "Relentless Time" to back him and join its gray hair to his cause. Clasping his hands in front of him Mr. Forrester began in an easy voice to coax the judges into his way of thinking by handing out some of the choicest bits of poetry in his collection. It was perhaps a little unfair to the other competitors to resurrect two such sweet songsters as Burns and Tennyson, and force the combined sweetness of their words on his unsuspecting audience. His

"Break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea," perhaps broke down the barriers to the hard hearts of his judges, for he was awarded the medal at the close of the exercises.

The last speaker on the program was David Gaston Wilkinson, of the Wirt. His subject was a hard one—being the Italian poet, "Dante"—for it is very difficult to treat such a distant name, distant both in time and sympathy, as to have it appreciated by an American audience or American judges. Still Mr. Wilkinson showed the Italian poet at his best; and made a good oration out of a difficult subject. After careful deliberation and the requisite creation of suspense on the part of the committee, the medal was awarded, as has already been stated, to Mr. Forrester, of the Websterian Society.

WAR!

Did you get our War Extra?—13 P. M. Edition? You didn't? Too bad. All about the blowing up of the Senioritzkys by the Junioritzkys in a hard-fought naval battle on land. Illustrated in colors, chiefly white. You should have seen it. Had full account of the examitzky (pronounced damitzky) to be launched Saturday. Keep a sharp lookout for our next: you might see it even if we don't get it out—you have such keen, penetrating peepers.

SOME HOT BALLS.

Coach Vaughn is with us now; and the men have begun to play base-ball in earnest. Nothing should be too hot in the way of a ball to men who have tackled a hot potato a la Auburn. And anybody that can pitch nickles and dimes at lines and marks, and pick up a little more than is coming to them, can surely pitch a good, honest ball. As for batting: anybody that couldn't hit that little easy sphere coming no faster than greased lightning ought to quit—they couldn't find the bed in the dark or the dinner-table after fasting a week. Running: as many times as you have dodged the O. D. and the subscription-men of every college enterprise, to say you couldn't steal a base. Impossible! Incredible! Everybody come out and try to make the team.

JUNIORS WIN CHAMPIONSHIP.

In one of the hardest fought class games ever seen on the local gridiron the Juniors wrested the championship of a two years standing from the Seniors by the close but decisive score of 6 to 5.

Perhaps no two elevens were ever more evenly matched. Both teams showed marked improvements since their last games with the Freshmen and Sophomores respectively. This improvement was especially noticeable in the continuous team work of the Juniors.

The only criticism that could possibly be made of the game was the weakness of both teams on the defensive.

Both teams seemed to realize that for them to win they had to make the fight of their lives and no doubt the presence of their respective sponsors had a great influence in this direction, especially so in the case of one who repeatedly made gains "from the line" as will be seen in the details.

At 3:20 Capt. Reynolds and Merkle advanced to the center of the field to try their luck at the "toss up." Capt. Merkle wins and chooses to receive the kick. Reynolds defends west goal.

BOTH TEAMS GET BUSY.

Capt. Reynolds plants his foot in the yellow oval for an aggregate of 40 yards. Ward advances the ball 10 yards. Ward goes (Continued to third page.)

Orange and Blue

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Contributions for ORANGE AND BLUE will always be sincerely appreciated, and should be in the hands of the Editors not later than Saturday before week of issue.

SPRING AND THE SENIOR CLASS.

Gentle, easy, good-for-nothing Spring has knocked lazily at the front door, or at least her presence has been felt in the neighborhood. This is the happiest season of the year; it is the season of poets, dreamers, and those select many who give the poets particular shades. It is the Spring of the soft, hazy, far-away look in the eyes that might be a token of love and poetry and the "artistic temperament" if a good dinner were not known to be the more probable cause. This is the time of the year "when," to quote another, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of dinner." This is the time of the year when it is very hard to keep awake in the afternoons; when it is still harder to keep one eye on the professor and give the other the benefit of the doubt that the closing of its lid will not be noticed. Perfection in the art is perhaps reached when the practician is able to sleep with both eyes open, and have the day-dream pass for attention and the sleep-nod for the nod of acquiescence.

But there is something else that comes with Spring; it is the pride and privilege of the Senior Class—the pride in that they are privileged characters and have the power to stick the under-classman. This is a strange word—to stick—as if so many little pigs were to be stuck; and so many little grunts heard at roll-call.

Heretofore it has been the habit of the Senior Class about this time every year to suddenly awake to a realization of their duty as members of the Senior Class—a duty which pre-eminently requires the enforcement of certain restrictions on the members of the lower classes. Strange to say, this awakening usually comes just after the defeat of the Senior Class football team; and is partly due to the jubilant spirits of the winning team, bubbling over as they do from an overfull cup to dampen the ardor and pride of the losers.

Now this privilege of the Senior Class to enforce certain rules and regulations of the college has been granted by the Faculty with the distinct and unequivocal understanding

that it would not be abused or subverted for alien purposes. Of course the precise definition of this power and its general limit rests with the conscience of each man who is given it, and depends mainly on his attitude towards a college duty—his military efficiency or leniency where that duty is concerned.

Several preceding Senior Classes—either through a misinterpretation of their rights in the matter or a loose joint in their organization—have had called-meetings for the purpose of "coming-down" on the under-classmen. They have acted as classes, assuming a duty which should only be their right as individuals: they have brought to bear in a matter of class rivalry a power intrusted to them—not as a means for the preservation of a dominant class—but for the better regulation of the affairs of the college.

This would be a "rotten" state, and not Denmark or Russia either, were the Senior Class compelled to maintain its superiority by means that should be actuated solely by a desire to preserve the discipline of the college; and, if for no other reason than that preceding Senior Classes have played the "clowns" in such a state, succeeding Senior Classes should disdain it.

It does not mean that the Senior Class should become slack, if they are not already so, or unnecessarily punctilious in the discharge of their reports, if they have been lenient; but it simply means that individual rights, powers, or duties—granted as such by the college authorities—are not fit subjects for class action in the attainment of class predominance. As for those individual duties—their exercise is as delicate a question as the other. For a Senior classman to report an under-classman for personal reasons is as much a subversion of his right as is the class action in such matters. Perhaps a finer point still: it is so easy to discriminate between men who are popular and those who are unpopular, to report those whose esteem and influence amounts to a nonentity, and pass those by with a nod and a "you may" whose good will you wish to preserve. It is so very, very easy to pander to popular cliques and factions—to cover with a frat-grip a man's failings as well as his hand—to distinguish too closely between men who, if they do not have equal claims upon your friendship, have equal rights where the accomplishment of your duty is involved.

MR. WASHINGTON AND MR. NAPOLEON, CITIZENS OF TWO REPUBLICS.

Once, when we were very young and with an unsophisticated belief in many things, it was so hard for us to remember whether George or his own volition said *Father, I cannot tell a lie*—relating to the little cherry tree episode—or whether he was intimidated into a premature disclosure of his own active participation in that thrilling event by the sudden appearance of Pater Washington before he could cover the requisite distance compatible with perfect ease and comfort. It was so difficult to understand whether this unbuddied "Father of his Country" was influenced by an innate sense of Truth or just a little by the force of circumstances. For a long time we confused what we would have said with what this truthful prodigy must have said when caught in the act and surrounded with conclusive evidence. We would very likely have said: *Daddy dear, you've caught me—you see my little hatchet—you see your beloved*

cherry tree which hath not borne a cherry for, lo!—these many years: this is condemning evidence, so, therefore, ergo, a lie is not put down in the Standard dictionary of this establishment, though it may be in some cheap pocket editions. Had this not lowered the temperature of that icy thing suspended in the breast of the old man, we would have ended the argument by breaking down in salty tears of joy and calling for the consolation prize—the reverie of unborn generations, unpracticed in the gentle art of politic truthfulness.

Just now, or a very short while ago, when the public school children were full of the life of Washington, and could give you the date of his birth backwards and his ancestry forwards, there was perhaps little thought of that dearest idol of another republic, Napoleon. It is interesting to conjecture what might have happened had the little Corsican been a citizen of the American colonies at the outbreak of the American Revolution. Would the big American dailies of today be able to get out funny sheets picturing the grand Napoleon as Simon Simple with arms folded crossing the icy Delaware?—or would there be a press censorship instituted by this imaginary Napoleon and sustained by the heirs of an American emperor?

Napoleon has been called the "man of destiny;" but destiny could have done nothing had Napoleon not had Napoleon's genius, magnetism and aggressiveness at the right moment. Had he not been the brilliant leader he was destined would have had to seek another and less capable man to seize the opportunities offered by the chaos of the French Revolution. Napoleon was irrepressible: he was one of the few men who could do things, seemingly, despite destiny; one of the few mighty Caesars with shoulders broad enough to set against Fate itself—although it is true many chances were thrown in his way. It was not till the sea beat despondently around his sea-island prison and the high walls of St. Helena threw their shadows across his lone figure, sublime in its solitude, that he despaired of bestriding the little world with that *colossal* figure—he was something over five feet tall.

Washington was a general, a commander of men; but he was not to be compared with Napoleon. He was a strategist at times, but no such strategist as planned the Italian campaign of the First French Consulate. He was loved by his men, and was perhaps an inspiration to many of them; but he was not the leader, he did not have such a personality as was needed to head a legion of French Revolutionists with the "Marseillaise" on their lips and the blue blood of kings reflected in their eyes—red to red lips, and blue to blue eyes.

It is hard to say what would have happened with such a dominant military force as Napoleon in America to have led the men of Lexington as he did those of Paris. The American temperament is so vastly different from that of the French: they are so very conservative as compared with the emotional French, that it is not easy to tell whether they would have pliantly yielded to the magnetism of a Napoleon and been drawn in the wake of his ambition. Then too, Napoleon came in with the reaction from the atrocities of the "Reign of Terror," when an iron hand was needed to direct the nervous energy of the French people, shivering at what they had done.

Now Washington was nothing if not composed, quiet and dignified: he could not have led the gesticulating Frenchmen to a dog fight. And yet

his nature was in harmony with those of the Americans of his time—as a general rule. Though the Americans rebelled against their British sovereign, theirs was not such a revolution as stirred the hot hearts of the Frenchmen. The American spirit is so different from that of the French that it is . . . with Napoleon, with all his genius and magnetism, could have led the Americans to freedom, and then had them cry "*Vive l'empereur!*" in the English tongue.

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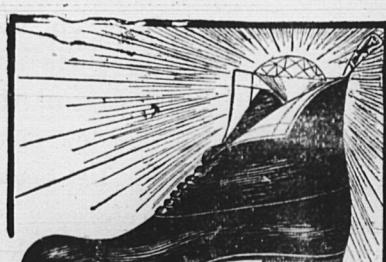
Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Rev. E. P. Davis, D. D., pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. every Sunday, Dr. C. A. Cary, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South—E. A. Dannelly, pastor; C. C. Thatch, Sunday School Superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting of Epworth League, Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Auburn Baptist Church—A. Y. Naper, pastor; Prof. J. F. Duggar, Sunday School Superintendent. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Divine Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's Union, 4:10 p. m. Prayer Meeting, 4 p. m. Wednesday afternoon.

Protestant Episcopal Holy Innocents Chapel—Rev. R. C. Jeter, priest in charge. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion, 7:15 a. m. every Sunday except the first Sunday in each month. Evening prayer, every Friday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m., S. L. Toomer, Superintendent.

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T. A. FLANAGAN, Auburn.

AROUND AUBURN.

George Mason, an old student of this college, was in town several days ago.

Patrick paid his friends relatives in Marion a visit day week.

Miss Sallie Ordway, who is residing in Atlanta, spent Washington's birth-day with friends in Auburn.

E. D. Yonge, '02, spent seven days in Auburn last week.

The Independent German under the direction of Joe Dell, gave a series of dances in Gymnasium Friday, Saturday and Monday nights. Seven visiting young ladies were sent, and everything passed delightfully till Monday night when Joe tried to convert the dining hall into a military field. It was called a Military Dance; after several unsuccessful maneuvers Joe was compelled to end the retreat, and call his tains off the field, leaving the ball in possession. But altogether he was congratulated on the interest he took in the dances, and the excellence of the programmes he furnished.

JUNGLE RHYMES.

IV.

"I hardly had this unique pair one more than twenty paces, when the Doctor strolled out of the woods.
With all his courtly graces,
you just wait here," the monkey said,
While we have a consultation,
and I'm sure the Doctor's wisdom
will exceed your expectation."
saying the monkey stepped aside
to speak with his relation.
learned cousin John," the monk began,
I know full well you'll realize my
plight,
Then I tell you I've lost my famous
staff,
And how and where I shivered
through last night."

the monkey briefly told

in part all that has passed,
to save his staff at any cost,
he pleaded to the last.

is all agreed. The crocodile

being beckoned to draw near.

The Doctor is at first perplexed,

and ruffles up his hair.

says he, "If I attempt to take

This stick out as it stands

this mouth, now under strain, will

snap

And bite off both of my hands.

at hold! Another way I see,

I'll place another stick

Within his mouth, just one inch longer

And about as thick."

the necessary stick secured,

He bends it like a bow

and sets it in the proper place

And then he lets it go.

The crocodile's mouth being wider now

The monkey's stick falls free.

The monkey has his staff once more

And bounds with very glee.

The crocodile, a patient soul,

Remained with mouth propt wide,

the young jay-bird expectant of his

breakfast.

Or hungry oyster waiting for the tide,

The Doctor, thanked, he turns away

To begin his walk once more.

"Wait!" cried the monk, "You've left

friend Croc

In a worse fix than before,

please come back and remove this

stick.

"For his state I do deplore."

"h-h-h!" said the Doctor,

You must see the Porcupine.

"a specialist in Dentistry

And that's not in my line.

that he turned and went his way,

so true to his profession,

at for neither love nor money,

Would he grant them that concession.

E. R. T.

Part V. Monkey's search for Porcupine, etc.)

JUNIORS WIN CHAMPIONSHIP.

(Continued from first page.)
straight ahead for 8 yards gain.
Smith repeats trick for 2.
Ward cross-bucks for 3 yards.
Ward goes straight ahead for 1st down.

Smith goes over left tackle for 2½ yards. Ward cross-bucks for 1 yard.

Smith cross-bucks for an aggregate of 11.

Smith goes straight ahead for 1 yard. Ward cross-bucks for 3½. Ward again cross-bucks for first down. Hall sails around right end for a gain of 6½.

Merkle goes ahead for 3 yards. Ward cross-bucks for first down. Merkle wades ahead for 4½.

Ward cross-bucks for 1 yard. Johnston steers around left end for 10 yards.

Seniors on cross-bucks carry the ball to ½ yard of goal and Zip Smith goes for touchdown. McEniry fails to kick a very difficult goal. Score: Seniors 5; Juniors 0.

McEniry kicks 40 yards to Skinner who runs it back 25 of 'em.

Skinner cross-bucks for 3½ yards. "Little" Pat. "from line" gets the sum of 9.

At this point Perkins runs with the ball but fails to run the required distance out and Juniors are penalized for 5 yards.

Reynolds plows ahead for 15 yards.

Skinner nets 1½ yards.

Paterson "from line" makes first down. Flournay gets ½ yard. For off side Seniors are penalized for 5.

Paterson again make a gain "from line" for the sum of 3.

Reynolds makes it first down. Flournay straight ahead for 2.

Skinner makes it first down. He repeats for 2½. He is called on again and makes it first down.

By repeated bucks Reynolds and Skinner advance the ball to about 6 in. of goal and Skinner goes for a touchdown.

Reynolds kicks goal, thus scoring the winning point as will be seen.

Score: Juniors 6; Seniors 5.

Here occurs a reminiscence of Heisman. The Juniors kick 12 yards to Perkins who falls on ball. Perkins fails to gain around left end. Skinner fails to gain and at this point time is called.

SECOND HALF.

McEniry kicks 35 yards to Reynolds, who advances the oval 10 yards and as he is tackled passes the article to "Runt" Perkins, who adds 5. Flournay skirts left for 15 yards. Skinner goes straight ahead for 2 yards and crossbucks for 6 on next play. Seale fails to gain from line but Skinner crossbucked for 4½. Reynolds takes 5. Flournay takes 12 on cross-buck. Pat takes 15 yards from

line. Here Juniors are penalized 20 yards for holding. Reynolds kicks 25 yards to Ward, but Juniors were off side and are penalized 10 yards. Reynolds then kicks 35 yards to McEniry who fails to advance the oval. Smith takes 7 on crossbuck, Ward chooses 5 on same play. Johnson goes to the bad on next play for loss of ½. Smith kicks 27 yards. Runt is on the spot and falls on ball. Flournay hurdles for 3 yards. Flournay fails to gain. Reynolds fails to gain. Senior's ball and 5 minutes to play, but business is brief. Ward gets ½ yard and Merkle makes it first down. Ward gets 2 yards but on next play loses one-half. Smith fails to gain. Junior's ball. Skinner gets busy and annexes 5. Pat takes 2½. Perkins fumbles but falls on ball. Reynolds kicks 30 yards to Ward, who advances the oval 5 yards. Hall fails to gain around right end. Time is called with ball in center of the field.

Line-up was as follows:

SENIORS.	JUNIORS
Matson	C. Beck
Pace	R. G. Rigney
Strong	L. G. Esslinger
Harwell	R. T. Seale
McAdory	L. T. Paterson
Johnson	R. E. Cawthon
Hall	L. E. Waldrop
Ward	R. H. B. Flournay
Smith	L. H. B. Skinner
Merkle (Capt.)	F. B. Reynolds (Capt)
McEniry	Q. B. Perkins
Umpire, Mitcham; Referee, Stokes.	
Time of halves, 20 minutes.	

(Account of game by Alston and Boyd.)

THE GREEK ALPHABET.

Miss Alpha, though she led her class,
Was yet a most unlovely lass;
She had a little sister—Theta,
And she would often bang and Beta,
And push and pinch and pound and
peel her,
And many a heavy blow she Delta,
So that the kitten e'en would Mu,
When Theta's sufferings she Nu.

This Alpha was so bad to Theta
That every time she chanced to meet her
She looked as though she longed to Eta;
And oft against the wall she jammed
her,

And oft she took a stick and Lambda
And for the pains and tears she
brought her,

She pitied her not one Iota,
But, with a sly and wicked eye,
Would only say, "Oh! fiddle Phi."

Then Theta cried with noisy clamor,
And ran and told her grief to Gamma;
And Gamma, with a pitying Psi,
Would give her little girl some Pi,
And say, "Now darling, musn't Chi."

Two Irish lads of ruddy cheek
Were living just across the creek—
There names, Omikron and Omega;
The one was small, the other bigger.

For Alpha, so demure and striking,
Omega took an ardent liking,
And Mike, when first he chanced to
meet her,

Fell deep in love with little Theta;
And oft at eve the boys would go
Ard on the pleasant water Rho.

So when the little hapless Theta
Nu Alpha was about to Beta,
She down upon the bank would Zeta,
And cry aloud and shout like fun—
"Run Mike, run Mikey! O-Mik-ron."

—Ex.

"It's a Wise Father."

Everyone knows of the college student who, when he was "hard up," sent home a set of verses to which the governor replied in kind. The son penned:

The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Send me fifty
P. D. Q.

This was the reply:

The rose is red,
And sometimes pink,
I'll send you fifty,
I don't think.

Surgical Note.

Elizabeth Perkins was married to Seth Hines last Saturday at the country seat, where they went to have the operation performed.—Bingville Correspondent Boston Post.

Notes.

"Prisoner, why did you strike this man?"

"If you please, your Honor, he came to me suddenly and said, 'How old is Ann?'"

"Well, what hurt did that do?"

"Why you see, your Honor, Ann is my wife."

Some folks act the fool for the fun of it,
Others act it for pay;
But there's an unfortunate class
That can't act either way.

A young man being asked to lead in prayer at a meeting, said in part, "Dear Lord, give us pure hearts, clean hands and sweethearts." "Amen!" responded several young men in chorus.—Howard Collegian.

"The man who spends his entire time working with his hands is lop-sided—so is the man who works with his head all the time—do some of both kinds of work, and round yourself out. Meditating upon the "I AM" is all right—so is manifesting the "I Do"—one is as important as the other, but too much of either makes one lop-sided—do some of both.

"The one who realizes the "I Am" and manifests the 'I Do,' can truthfully say: 'And lo! mine own hath come to me.'—New Thought.

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Will surely buy.

Will You

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There is one thing certain: we never believed in the encouragement of such old fogies as Anthony Hope and Doyle and Lodge, so have never asked them to write for us. What we want is new blood—fresh pens and unspilled ink—and we have it. We haven't paid over \$5,000 for any one story either; so watch out for our fiction number—it's something rare. THE EDITORS.

The Piccolo Player's Woes.

The Royal German Band is coming to this country, it is rumored. The advance agent was formerly the piccolo player, but believes now that the strenuous life of an advertising man is happier, and safer, of course, than that of a musician. Some of his reasons for this belief were related last night.

"In der bandt at vonce vhas," said he, "but now I vhas nod now. Der reason is dis: We play before his royal highness that heavenborn kaiser, Wilhelm. Er sagt. 'Oh, mine great little German bandt! I vill send you away some, so that the worldt delighted may be! Und we stardt oundt. We play in Russia, before the czar."

"He says, 'Who is dis?' "We says, 'Der Royal Cherman bandt.'

"He says, "Wonteful! Gif each blayer his instrument full of gold." De bass drummer, he geds to be ien millionnaire! Der trombone" blayer, he geds rich. But I—I—I blay de piccolo."

"We go to oder countries. We come tol Turkey. We blay before a sick feller of Europe, der Sultan. He says, 'Who is dis?'

"We says, 'Der famous Royal Cherman bandt!'

"He says, Take them away. They're horribleness! Stuff their instruments down their throats! His turkeys tooked us oundt. The bass drummer—they can't stuff his drum down his throat. The trombone blayer—his mouth ain't too big for his horn to get in. But I—I—alas! I 'blay de picco-lo! Ausgerspielxerdammitdreizeits!"—Philadelphia Press.

DR. A. H. WHITMAN, DENTIST.

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